With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lyes,
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues
The world is ſtill deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill. In religion
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groſenes with faire ornament:
There is no voice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtaiers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
Which maketh ſuch wanton gambals with the wind,
Vpon ſuppoſed faireneſſe, often knowne
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The skull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore thou gaudy gold,

Hard

Hard foole for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatneſt then doſt promiſe ought,
Thy paleneſſe moues me more then eloquence,
And heere chooſe I, ioy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhyddring feare, and greene-eyed iealouſie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure range thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
For feare I ſurfet.
Baſſ. What finde I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
Hath come ſo neere creation? moue theſe eyes?
Or whither riding on the ball's of mine
Seeme they in motion? Heere are ſeuerd lips
Parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: heere in her haires
The painter playes the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faſter then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes,
How could he ſee to do them? hauing made one,
Me-thinks it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his,
And leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: yet looke how farre
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In vnderprizing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
Doth limpe behind the ſubſtance. Heer's the ſcroule,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view,
Chance as faire, and chooſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,